HERALD OF FREEDOM.

"I enter into no compromise with Slavery. I am for Justice, in the name of Humanity, and according to the Law of the Living God."

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SLAVERY.

[From the Anti-Slavery Magazine for July.]

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A FUGITIVE SLAVE.

SLAVERY *in the United States: A narrative of the life and adventures of Charles Ball, a black man, who lived forty years in Maryland, South Carolina, and Georgia, as a slave, under various masters, and was one year in the navy with Commodore Barney, during the late war. Containing an account of the manners and usages of the planters and slaveholders of the South, a description of the condition and treatment of the slaves, with observations upon the state of morals amongst the cotton planters, and the perils and sufferings of a fugitive slave, who twice escaped from the cotton country.* Lewistown, Pa. Printed and published by JOHN W. SHUGERT, 1836. 12mo. pp. 400.

[*Concluded.*]

As some of our readers, who have never travelled beyond the Potomac, may have no idea of the unfortunate plight to which the small-fry slaveholders are sometimes reduced, we give a specimen.

"At night we stopped at the house of a poor gentleman, at least he appeared to wish my master to consider him a gentleman; and he had no difficulty in establishing his claim to poverty. He lived at the side of the road, in a framed house, which had never been plastered within—the weather boards being the only wall. He had about fifty acres of land, enclosed by a fence, the remains of a farm which had once covered two or three hundred acres; but the cedar bushes had encroached upon all sides, until the cultivation had been confined to its present limits. The land was the very picture of sterility, and there was neither barn nor stable on the place. The owner was ragged, and his wife and children were in a similar plight, in point of habiliments. It was with difficulty that we obtained a bushel of corn, which our master ordered us to parch at a fire made in the yard, and to eat for our supper. Even this miserable family possessed *two slaves*, half starved, half naked wretches, whose appearance bespoke them famishing with hunger, and victims of the lash."

After being on the road from the first of May to the ninth of June, our author and his companions arrived in the neighborhood of Columbia, South Carolina. Here the negro driver, or merchant as he was now called, finding a good prospect of sale, halted, and set about recruiting his slaves for their appearance in the market. Their chains had already been filed off on entering the State of South Carolina, on the same principle that a jailer would release his prisoner, after getting him safe within the discipline of Sing Sing or Auburn. The process of disposing of the coffle is detailed with the most painful particularity, and the manners and customs of the whites, as they appeared to a newly imported slave, are most vividly sketched.

It was the lot of our narrator to be purchased by one of the wealthiest planters in that part of the country, the possessor of two hundred and sixty slaves. His plantation, which produced cotton, rice, and indigo, is minutely described, and the management of the slaves is carried still further into detail. We are made to see every thing from the great parlors of the master, to the old iron pot and wooden spoons in the cabin of the slave; from the long whip of the overseer, to the wooden bucket in which his wife sent him his dinner. And as to the said long South Carolina whip, whose crack has in this our day, struck terror into the hearts of legislators as far north and east as New-Hampshire and Maine, it may be well enough to give our author's very lucid description of it.

A SLAVEHOLDING UTENSIL.

"The whip used by the overseers on the cotton plantations, is different from all other whips that I have ever seen. The staff is about twenty or twenty-two inches in length, with a large heavy head, which is often loaded with a quarter or half a pound of lead, wrapped in catgut, and securely fastened on, so that nothing but the greatest violence can separate it from the staff. The lash is ten feet long, made of small strips of buckskin, tanned so as to be dry and hard, and plaited carefully and closely together, of the thickness, in the largest part, of a man's little finger, but quite small at each extremity. At the farthest end of this thong, is attached a cracker, nine inches in length, made of strong sewing silk, twisted and knotted, until it feels as firm as the hardest twine. This whip, in an unpractised hand, is a very awkward and inefficient weapon; but the best qualification of the overseer of a cotton plantation, is the ability of using this whip with adroitness; and when wielded by an experienced arm, it is one of the keenest instruments of torture, ever invented by the ingenuity of man. The cat-of-nine-tails, used in the British military service, is but a clumsy instrument beside this whip, which has superseded the cowhide, the hickory, and every other species of lash, on the cotton plantations. The cowhide and hickory bruise and mangle the flesh of the sufferer; but this whip cuts, when expertly applied, almost as keen as a knife, and never bruises the flesh, nor injures the bones."

Our hero had the good fortune to make no further than an eyesight acquaintance with this long whip, though he did not escape every other instrument of torture, while he remained upon this plantation. It was not so with many of his companions in labor. On the first evening after his arrival, several were flogged, and among them a woman, who had been brought up delicately in Maryland, and with whom, on account of their common origin, our narrator had loitered too long on their return from the field. She was laid on her face, and received twelve lashes, in a manner too brutal to be described; but he was pardoned, because it was his first offence. The overseer was too prudent not to avail himself of the self-respect of a slave, so long as it could be made to last, consistently with his iron discipline. The young woman who received this, as it would be called, merciful flogging, had a young child, and had attracted the author's attention in the morning, by her not leaving it, like the others, at the end of her row in the shade of the cotton plants, but carrying it on her back, slung in a rude knapsack, whilst she worked with the hoe. When asked the reason of this conduct, she replied, "Indeed, I cannot leave my child in the weeds amongst the snakes. What would be my feelings if I should leave it there, and a scorpion were to bite it? Besides, my child cries so piteously when I leave it alone in the field, that I cannot bear to hear it. Poor thing, I wish we were both in the grave, where all sorrow is forgotten."—A wish which was soon realized.

We are strongly tempted to give in full the routine of a slave's life on this cotton plantation, but it is not our object to reprint the book. The subject of the religious privileges of the slaves, however is so little understood, and so grossly misrepresented by the ecclesiastical supporters of slavery, that we cannot abstain from giving in his own language, the experience of Charles Ball in 1804. It will readily be perceived, that the causes which were in operation then, are in operation now, and are inseparable from slavery itself—or rather, their intensity is in direct proportion to the price of cotton, and they can never cease to operate while the crop is profitable.

RELIGIOUS PRIVILEGES.

"No horn was blown by the overseer to awaken us this (Sabbath) morning, and I slept, in my little loft, until it was quite day; but when I came down, I found our small community a scene of universal bustle and agitation.

"Here it is necessary to make my readers acquainted with the rules of polity, which governed us on a Sunday, (for I now speak of myself, as one of the slaves on this plantation,) and with the causes which gave rise to these rules.

"All over the South the slaves are discouraged, as much as possible, and by all possible means, from going to any place of religious worship on Sunday. This is to prevent them from associating together, from different estates, and distant parts of the country; and plotting conspiracies and insurrections. On some estates, the overseers are required to prohibit the people from going to meeting, off the plantation, at any time, under the severest penalities. White preachers cannot come upon the plantations, to preach to the people, without first obtaining permission of the master, and afterwards procuring the sanction of the overseer. No slave dare leave the plantation to which he belongs, a single mile, without a written pass from the overseer or master, but by exposing himself to the danger of being taken up and flogged. Any white man who meets a slave off the plantation without a pass, has a right to take him up, and flog him at his discretion. All these causes combined, operate powerfully to keep the slave at home. But in addition to these principles of restraint, it is a rule on every plantation, that no overseer ever departs from, to flog every slave, male or female, that leaves the estate for a single hour, by night or by day—Sunday not excepted—without a written pass.

"The overseer, who should permit the people under his charge, to go about the neighborhood without a pass, would soon lose his character, and no one would employ him; nor would his reputation less certainly suffer, in the estimation of the planters, were he to fall into the practice of granting passes, except on the most urgent occasions, and for purposes generally specified in the pass.

"A cotton planter has no more idea of permitting his slaves to go at will, about the neighborhood on Sunday, than a farmer in Pennsylvania has of letting his horses out of his fields on that day. Nor would the neighbors be less inclined to complain of the annoyance, in the former, than in the latter case.

"There has always been a strong repugnance amongst the planters, against their slaves becoming members of any religious society. Not as I believe, because they are so maliciously disposed towards their people, as to wish to deprive them of the comforts of religion—provided the principles of religion did not militate against the principles of slavery—but they fear, that the slaves by attending meetings, and listening to the preachers, may imbibe with the morality they teach, the notions of equality, and liberty, contained in the gospel. This, I have no doubt, is the ground of all the dissatisfaction, that the planters express, with the itinerant preachers, who have from time to time, sought opportunities of instructing the slaves in their religious duties.

"The cotton planters have always, since I knew any thing of them, been most careful to prevent the slaves from learning to read; and such is the gross ignorance that prevails, that many of them could not name the four cardinal points.

"At the time I first went to Carolina, there were a great many African slaves in the country; and they continued to come in for several years afterwards. I became intimately acquainted with some of these men. Many of them believed there were several gods some of whom were good, and others evil, and they prayed as much to the latter as to the former. I knew several who must have been, from what I have since learned, Mahomedans; though at that time I had never heard of the religion of Mahomed.

"There was one man on this plantation, who prayed five times every day, always turning his face to the east, when in the performance of his devotions.

"There is in general, very little sense of religious obligation, or duty, amongst the slaves on the cotton plantations; and christianity cannot be, with propriety, called the religion of these people. They are universally subject to the grossest, and most abject superstition; and uniformly believe in witchcraft, conjuration, and the agency of evil spirits in the affairs of human life. Far the greater part of them are either natives of Africa, or the descendents of those who have always from generation to generation, lived in the South, since their ancestors were landed on this continent; and their superstition, for it does not deserve the name of religion, is no better, nor is it less ferocious than that which oppresses the inhabitants of the wildest regions of Negro-land.

"They have not the slightest religious regard for the Sabbath day; and their masters make no efforts to impress them with the least respect for this sacred institution. My first Sunday on this plantation, was but a prelude to all that followed; and I shall here give an account of it.

"At the time I rose this morning, it wanted only about fifteen or twenty minutes of sunrise; and a large number of the men, as well as some of the women, had already quitted the quarter and gone about the business of the day. That is, they had gone to work for wages for themselves—in this manner: our overseer had, about two miles off, a field of near twenty acres, planted in cotton, on his own account. He was the owner of this land; but as he had no slaves, he was obliged to hire people to work it for him, or let it lie waste. He had procured this field to be cleared, as I was told, partly by letting white men make tar and turpentine from the pine wood which grew on it, and partly by hiring slaves to work upon it on Sunday. About twenty of our people went to work for him to-day, for which he gave them fifty cents each. Several of the others, perhaps forty in all, went out through the neighborhood, to work for other planters.

"On every plantation with which I ever had any acquaintance, the people are allowed to make patches, as they are called—that is, gardens, in some remote and unprofitable part of the estate, generally in the woods, in which they plant corn, potatoes, pumpkins, melons, &c., for themselves.

"These patches they must cultivate on Sunday, or let them go uncultivated. I think, that on this estate, there were about thirty of these patches, cleared in the woods—and fenced—some with rails, and others with brush—the property of the various families.

"The vegetables that grew in these patches, were always consumed in the families of the owners; and the money that was earned by hiring out, was spent in various ways; sometimes for clothes—sometimes for better food than was allowed by the overseer, and sometimes for rum; but those who drank rum, had to do it by stealth.

"By the time the sun was up an hour, this morning, our quarter was nearly as quiet and clear of inhabitants as it had been at the same period on the previous day.

"As I had nothing to do for myself, I went with Lydia, whose husband was still sick, to help her work in her patch, which was about a mile and a half from our dwelling. We took with us some bread, and a large bucket of water; and worked all day. She had onions, cabbages, cucumbers, melons, and many other things in her garden.

* * * * *

"It was dusky twilight when we hastened home to the quarter. When we arrived, the overseer had not yet come. He had been at his cotton field, with the people he had hired in the morning to work for him; but he soon made his appearance, and going into his house, came out with a small bag of money, and paid each one the price he had a right to receive. In this transaction, the overseer acted with entire fairness to the people who worked for him; and with the exception of the moral turpitude of violating the Sabbath in this shameful manner, the business was conducted with propriety.

"I must here observe, that when the slaves go out to work for wages on Sunday, their employers never flog them; and so far as I know, never give them abusive language. I have often hired myself to work on Sunday, and have been employed in this way by more than fifty different persons, not one of whom ever insulted, or maltreated me in any way. They seldom took the trouble of coming to look at me until towards evening, and sometimes not then. I worked faithfully, because I knew that if I did not, I could not expect payment; and those who hired me, knew that if I did not work well, they need not employ me.

"The practice of working on Sunday is so universal amongst the slaves on the cotton plantations, that the immorality of the matter is never spoken of."

On this plantation our narrator remained till the month of September, 1806, when he departed for Georgia as a part of the marriage portion of one of his master's daughters. He had narrowly escaped a dreadful death on one occasion, being suspected of a horrible crime, which in the event proved to have been committed by a fellow slave. The credit which he obtained for his courage and skill in discovering the real perpetrator of the crime, and his good conduct in the management of a fishing establishment, induced his new master to confide to him almost the sole care of a new plantation in Georgia. And he felt no disposition to violate this confidence. But his young master soon fell in a duel, and his mistress died. He now fell, with the plantation, into the hands of a man who paid a yearly rent both for the land and slaves.

Charles Ball's new master soon sickened, and died. Even before his death, his amiable spouse signalized her near prospect of sovereign control, by giving Charles a merciless flogging, for no crime but that of being the object of her husband's kindness and confidence. Rightly judging that he should lead a sad life of it under this virago, he only waited for the green corn to be ready to roast, when he addressed himself to the perilous task of returning by land to Maryland. The hardships of such a task may be faintly imagined, by one who understands the police regulations of slavery and the Geography of the South—here they may be seen; and whoever reads this narrative, or listens to that of any other fugitive, who has in this way achieved his escape from Georgia, and does not believe this portion of the United States the darkest Egypt of tyranny on the face of our planet, must be both ignorant and obstinate. Our hero safely reached his wife and children, but not till the next summer. In Maryland he managed to live as a *free man* till 1830. He had acted the patriot before the cannon's mouth in the last war, and had become a freeholder of twelve acres of ground, and a commodious cabin. In an hour when he least thought of so dreadful a reverse, the fangs of the kidnapper were again fastened upon him. He found himself once more a field slave in Georgia, and that twenty years of the march of time and of mind had given no new charms to that much lauded mode of existence. He ran away, and was recovered. At last he succeeded in stowing himself, as many a man has done, among the bales of cotton in the hold of a ship bound for Philadelphia. He stole back to his own cabin near Baltimore. It was occupied by a white man—his wife and children had been dragged into the like bondage from which he had escaped—none could tell him where. He now lives in Pennsylvania.

[From the Times and Independent Press.]

Voice of the Press in the D. C. in 1830.

Selected from the Washington Spectator.

'THE SLAVE TRADE IN THE CAPITOL.'

"The tender ties of father, husband, friend,
All bonds of nature in that moment end,
And each endures while yet he draws his breath,
A stroke as fatal as the scythe of death;
They lose in tears the far receding shore,
But not the thought that they must meet no more."

"It is well, perhaps, the American people should know, that while we reiterate our boasts of liberty in the ears of the nations, and send back across the Atlantic our shouts of joy at the triumph of liberty in France, we ourselves are busily engaged in the work of oppression. Yes, let it be known to the citizens of America, that at the very time when the procession which contained the President of the United States and his Cabinet was marching with triumph to the Capitol, to celebrate the victory of the French people over their oppressors, another kind of procession was marching another way, and that consisted of colored human beings handcuffed in pairs, and driven along by what had the appearance of a man on a horse! A similar scene was repeated on Saturday last: a drove consisting of males and females chained in couples, starting from Roby's tavern on foot, for Alexandria, where, with others, they are to embark on board a slave ship in waiting to convey them to the South. While we are writing, a colored man enters our room, and begs us to inform him if we can point out any person who will redeem his friend now immured in Alexandria jail, in a state of distress amounting almost to distraction. He has been a faithful servant of a revolutionary officer who recently died—has been sold at auction—parted from affectionate parents—and from decent and mourning friends.

"Our own servant, with others, of whom we can speak in commendatory terms, went down to Alexandria to bid him farewell, but they were refused admission to his cell, because, as was said 'the sight of his friends made him take on so.' He bears the reputation of a pious man. It is but a few weeks since we saw a ship with her cargo of slaves in the port of Norfolk, Va.; on passing up the river we saw another ship off Alexandria, swarming with the victims of human captivity. Such are the scenes enacting in the heart of the American nation. Oh patriotism! where is thy indignation? Oh philanthropy! where is thy grief? Oh shame! where is thy blush? Well may the generous and noble minded O'Connell say of the American citizen, 'I tell him he is a hypocrite. Look at the stain in your star spangled standard that was never struck down in battle. I turn from the Declaration of American Independence, and I tell him that he has declared to God and man a lie, and before God and man I arraign him as a hypocrite.' Yes thou soul of fire, glorious O'Connell, if thou could but witness the spectacles in Washington that make the genius of liberty drop her head in shame, and weep her tears in deep silence and undissembled sorrow, you would lift your voice even to tones of thunder, but you would make yourself heard. Where is the O'Connell in this republic that will plead for the emancipation of the District of Columbia? These shocking scenes must cease from amongst us, or we must cease to call ourselves free, aye, and we must cease to expect the mercy of God—we must prepare for the coming judgments of Him who, as our charter acknowledges, made all men 'free and equal.'"

[From the Emancipator.]

What is Slavery?

BROTHER PHELPS,—Slaveholders at the South profess to know what slavery is; and the pro-slavery men at the North think they understand it; but, after all, what is it?

If Doctors Ely, and Beecher, and Plummer, and Hon. McDuffie and Johnson and Benton, and the general assembly of the Presbyterian church, and the Methodist Conference at Cincinnati and New-York, (a pretty large "gang" to be sure) will just go with me to Texas, and that I may be called *very kind*, I'll consent to have the women and children go too, I will show them what slavery would be to *them*.

Here, Dr. Ely, put your hand into this handcuff. Dr. B. put yours into this. Mr. P. stand behind Dr. E. and put your hand here. McDuffie, *you ugly dog, turn in* (crack, crack.) Here, Johnson and Benton, take your places, and put your hands where they ought to be (in the manacles;) and you, Cincinnati *Doctors* and New-York *Dictators*, take your places in the rear. Here, driver, take this gang, and see that they perform well; use the *whip freely* if they are at all disorderly; feed them twice a-day on *corn meal and water;* hear no whining from them; they are a stubborn set of fellows—look out for them, especially during the "seasoning;" carry a stiff hand—break them in thoroughly.

Now we'll arrange, what I should call *women and children*, but slavery calls them *breeders and their young*. George, put the best looking in front, and so on, until you come to the very small ones, *they* must be put into wagons. This gang won't need chaining, but probably some urging; drive them as hard as you can without overheating them; be careful of those in a certain condition. Now go—but mind, don't let them cheat you. There's Ezra's wife, and Lyman's, and Bill Plummer's, look out for them—they'll have the "sulks," and make believe they are sick and can't work; and blubber and make a great ado about it, but don't mind it—just give them a touch of the cowskin, and they'll get over it; train them to it—they'll get seasoned soon.

And so off go the D. D.'s, and the Rev.'s, and the Hon's, and the Esq.'s to work, putting up *huts* and *hovels*, and clearing off lands for a *sugar* and *cotton* crop. By and by, however, a *gentleman* arrives in the country, with no slaves, and after a short residence, concludes to go into the business of buying and selling slaves, and perhaps of working a few on his own account. He calls on me to purchase, knowing that I have a large gang, and as I find it rather hard to take care of so many, in a new country, where "fodder" is scarce, I conclude to sell him some 60 or 100. He wants some of all sorts—some of my highest priced, and some of my lowest priced ones.

Driver, call up the D. D.'s, and Rev.'s, and the Hon.'s and the Esq's. He examines their *teeth*, their *limbs*, and their proportions; asks their ages, their natural dispositions, &c. &c. Having no choice myself, as my only object is to make money, I let him choose. He first takes Dr. Ely, thinks he will answer a few years yet as good as ever; then Plummer—thinks him full of grit, but will bear to be subdued. McDuffie he won't have; he don't like the fire. Johnson has had his own way too long. Benton is too *blood thirsty*. Dr. Bangs may answer at a low price. He then takes some of the women, then some of the girls from 14 to 21 years of age, and then some of the quite young, say from 3 to 8 years old; the *yearlings* and *sucklings* he don't want.

We agree upon the prices; they are called out, one by one, to the number of one hundred—they are then driven to a yard or prison for safe keeping. The next day they are started for a new colony, some 400 miles distant; and thus the D. D.'s, &c., their wives and children, are separated to meet no more.

These are scenes of every day occurrence; and now ye D. D.'s, and Rev.'s, and Hon.'s and Esq.'s, &c., what think you of slavery? *What is it?* Man, proud man, the noblest structure of God, once human, now brutalized, and *trodden under foot*—is this slavery? Would you like it? Would you submit to it? No! Well then, "remember them who are in bonds as bound with them," and their cause as you would your own.

"ONE PLEDGED UNTO DEATH."

Slavery, and its Effects on the Nation.

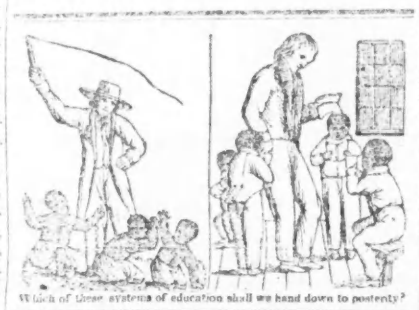
From an Oration before the Addison County (Vt.) Anti-Slavery Society by E. D. Barber Esq.

It will not be necessary for me to give you an extended description of what American slavery is. It is sufficient to know that *it is slavery*—that it is depriving human beings of their "inalienable rights"—that it is shutting them out from every degree of liberty—leaving them no means of pursuing their own happiness and subjecting even their lives to the capriciousness of a tyrant's will—that it transforms *men* into *things*—subjects them to be sold as merchandize—deprives them of the exercise of the best and holiest affections of the human heart—shuts them out from knowledge—makes them instruments to minister to the rapacity and lust of their masters—crushes the spirit of freedom and manhood in their souls—renders them abject and brutal in their aspirations, and degrades those who are created

in the image of God, to the condition of the brute. The slave of this republic has *no* rights—he has no right to himself—to the use of his limbs or the rewards of his toil—even his children and his wife are another's *property*. The powers of his mind and the energies of his body are directed by a will not his own, and his life is one long round of toil, suffering and despair. The hour of death only, is the hour of emancipation to him. Here, then, we have an institution in the midst of us, which is founded on the destruction of those very principles—those "self-evident truths," which are the corner stones of our political edifice! An institution which *denies* that "all men are created equal"—that they "are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights"—and that "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" belong to all alike; and the government of the country, instead of securing those rights to each individual, suffers them, in millions of cases, to be seized upon and yielded up to the most unlimited despotism.

Now what effect must the existence of this institution have upon the sentiment of the nation, if it is continued and acquiesced in? Is not every man who silently yields his assent to its continuance, directly assenting to the overthrow of the great principles of the Declaration of Independence? Is he not *living down* those principles—making them a dead letter—treating them as though they were not everlasting truths, upon which rest the happiness, elevation and glory of his race, but as doctrines to be asserted and maintained only when they are necessary for his good and the good of those whose skin is colored like his own? The inevitable result of an acquiescence in the continuance of slavery in this government, will be to drag down the public sentiment of the non-slaveholding states, to a debasing approximation to that of the slaveholding ones. A hesitation now to assert the principles of universal freedom and the inviolability of the rights which God has given to all men, will soon end in the open neglect of those principles and rights, and finally sink into a base subserviency to the views of those who live in their habitual violation. If the eternal principles of liberty are not boldly proclaimed and resolutely defended, in defiance of power, in the face of ambition, and in the teeth of interest, how soon will freedom become but a name—a shadow without the substance—the gilded sepulchre of human rights—the garnished mausoleum of the dearest interests of humanity. If the *spirit* of liberty is not maintained with its *forms*, it is but a mockery. If while we celebrate with bonfires and illuminations, with the thunders of artillery, the shouts of the populace, and the waving of banners, with pomp and ceremony, with anthem and oration, the independence and freedom of our country, we, at the same time, look with complacency upon the slave auctions, slave prisons, slave ships and slave drivers, which disgrace, deform and infest the capital of this republic, to what does all our parade and noise amount, but hollow pageantry and heartless sound? If any one among us feels, as he *should* feel, his bosom will burn with indignation at the *thought*, that a slave market can exist on any spot guarded by the Eagle of American Liberty. The public feeling and tone on the subject of slavery have gone fearfully backward in this nation since the days of the revolution. The sentiment which prevailed on this day 1776, is but faintly shadowed forth by that of the present time. As the sun of our glory has risen higher in the heavens, his rays have become dimmer and his radiance less genial. In the time of our forefathers, though slavery existed among us, not a voice was ever raised in its defence—there was no thought then, how it should be *perpetuated*, but how it should be *abolished*. The patriots of the North and South held the same sentiments in relation to its continuance. Its existence was recognized in the constitution, not with the intention that it should be sanctioned thereby and its evils prolonged, but with the earnest wish and expectation of the framers of that instrument that it would speedily be abandoned. Franklin, Jay, Rush, and a host of others in the North labored in conjunction with Jefferson and others in the South for its extinction. The tendency of public opinion at that day throughout the nation was to its abolition. But the spirit and feeling of those times passed away with the race that produced and nourished them. The country became gradually silent upon the subject and the gloom of the evil became deeper and darker. The bird of eagle eye and wing was chased from his own chosen eyry, by the croakings of the raven of domestic despotism. The voice of condemnation—the pleadings of love—the remonstrances of candor—the appeals of patriotism, and the stern rebukes of justice were all hushed, and the land finally slept in a moral lethargy. The public conscience was paralized—the public sentiment was voiceless, and the Goliath of public patriotism slept in the lap of the Delilah of tyranny—his locks shorn—his heavy slumbers unbroken by the shrieks of the slave and his giant limbs grown nerveless by inaction and effeminacy. In the mean time, the monster, Slavery, grew apace. The shackle half knocked from the limbs of the bondman, was re-riveted—the ear that had become sensative to the pleadings of humanity, grew deaf to the increasing entreaties—the hand half stretched to the deliverance of the bleeding captive, sank powerless by the side, or became nerved for deeds of atrocity—the eye that grew moist with pity at the wrongs of the innocent and defenceless, became slowly callous to the stripes and agonies of lacerated victims, and the soul that began to glow with the impulses of philanthropy and love, grew chill in all its generous sympathies. And now, when the cry of Freedom is up again and her clarion voice is heard throughout the land, Slavery, instead of cowering to her dungeons and hiding her whips and chains from the eye of scrutiny, erects her foul and snaky form through half the borders of the Republic—hisses her proud defiance to the efforts of the free—coils her torturous folds more closely around her million of victims and proclaims herself, with undaunted front, the mother, the nurse, the patron, the guardian of holy liberty! Oh! most impious assumption! Most foul aspersion upon the memories of our sires!

Thus we see, fellow citizens, to what even *indifference* in the cause of human rights, most directly and inevitably leads. There can be no neutral ground between freedom and slavery. To be silent when our neighbor is despoiled of his liberty, degraded and imbruted, is but a step towards becoming the spoilers ourselves. If we do not go forward in behalf of the oppressed, we shall, most assuredly go backward. The issue which is now made up before the people of the United States, between the opposers and the advocates of involuntary servitude is, *Shall slavery be perpetual?* Who is there, with soul so dead that he will say, yea, to such a proposition?



Which of these systems of education shall we hand down to posterity?

HERALD OF FREEDOM.

CONCORD: AUGUST 13, 1836.

"All men are created equal; are endowed, by their Creator, with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, LIBERTY, and the pursuit of happiness.

DECLARATION OF 1776.

"All men are born equally free and independent; and have certain, natural, essential and inherent rights, among which are the enjoying and defending life and LIBERTY; acquiring, possessing and protecting property.—CONSTITUTION OF N. H.

A Pro-Slavery Lecture.

Rev. Samuel Hurd, of the Rufus W. Bailey school, has been edifying the good people of Claremont by an elaborate homily in defence of the abominable system of Southern man-robbery. He is a native of this State, of Hanover, we believe, and graduated at Dartmouth College in 1822. After being educated at our free schools, and under the influence of our Pilgrim institutions, he went to the South, and has resided several years in Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana. We should judge, from his sentiments, that a great part of that time had been spent at Vicksburg and kindred places, where moral principle is almost completely exiled. We give below a brief synopsis of his remarks as furnished us by a correspondent.

—

Remarks of Rev. Samuel Hurd.

TEXT.—"*Godliness is profitable unto all things.*"

After dwelling for a few moments upon the benefits of Godliness, he remarked that he did not expect to expound this passage of scripture, but only make some general remarks upon the moral and intellectual condition of the people of the South. He had resided several years in the South—had travelled some, and was particularly acquainted with the state of society in the three south-western states. There was a general want of religious privileges. You might go ten, twenty, or thirty miles, and not find a single Sanctuary. In the city of New-Orleans, containing a population of some twenty thousand Americans, besides the large floating population from other countries, there were not so many church spires as in this place.(*a*) Such was the situation of the South-west generally, and as must be expected, there was a great falling off in morals. This was not because they were unwilling to receive the Gospel, for he knew of no people more willing to receive it, and who would more heartily welcome a minister: but it was because there were few or no teachers (*b*) He would next speak of the colored population, as there had been much interest of late taken in that subject.

1. *Their physical condition.* They are well fed and clothed, their clothes were coarse but comfortable—they have enough to eat and drink, and as a general thing labor fewer hours than the farmers of New England, always being allowed to rest from two to three hours in the middle of the day. It is not true that they are severely worked. There might be some exceptions in the case of cruel masters who use their slaves ill, and there are bad men every where, but as a general thing their physical condition is not, as has been represented, one of excessive severity.(*c*)

2. *Their social condition.* They live together in families and are seldom, if ever, separated—never unless the masters are compelled to do it, and then it is never done without a pang on the part of the master if the slave has been a faithful servant. But the increase of numbers on plantations and the small profits of the system oblige them to part with some to enable them to support the rest. The slave-driver is universally despised, and regarded as unfit to associate with respectable citizens (*d*) The slaves are always provided with a physician who attends upon them when sick, administering to their wants. When they get past labor they are taken care of while they live.

3. *Their intellectual condition.* As must be expected, their intellects have been rarely developed. The developement of intellect in a child will give a good idea of what it is in the slaves. It has not been cultivated. Few of the whole number can read at all. Little has been done to elevate them (*e*)

4. *Their moral condition.* They have few, if any, correct notions of morality. Efforts to improve their moral condition have been few.(*f*)—Yet there had been something done. A few years ago the legislatures of Virginia and North Carolina began to feel the necessity of acting on this subject. The Presbyteries and Synods passed votes that the ministers in their respective bodies should devote a certain part of their time to the blacks, in preaching to them and instructing them.(*g*) Benevolent individuals made great efforts to have their slaves instructed. One in particular, after having made considerable effort towards the advancement of his slaves, came on to the north and procured a teacher, who had taught on the infant school system, to take charge of the colored children belonging to his plantation. He had himself been into that school, was present at one of the usual recitations, and never saw more intelligence manifested, or more ready answers given by white children of the same age, than by these colored children.(*h*)—The same gentleman made an effort to inculcate Temperance principles among his slaves, and succeeded These might be called exceptions, but many such instances could be given. The religious condition of the slave was not such as one would naturally suppose by reasoning upon the subject.(*i*) He had himself seen many instances of real piety among the slaves. And who knowing these facts would work to check the benevolent work or even put a finger in the way. Yet this has been done. Since the abolition efforts of the north have been in operation, these benevolent labors have been suspended.(*k*) Ministers no longer teach the slaves. They are obliged to refrain. The people are not afraid to have their slaves know the truths of the Bible, but afraid that the doctrines of disobedience and insubordination will be taught with them.(*l*)—He believed the abolitionists possessed of pure though mistaken zeal. He appreciated their motives but the people of the South did not.—They generally connected them with religion and began to suppose that also.(*m*) They consider it a subject with which the people of the North have nothing to do. *The people of the South might be driven to maintain the doctrine that the free laborers of the North ought to be subservient to the more wealthy class.*(*n*) Some of their statesmen have already done it. Perhaps Southern men have as much right to do this as northern men to discuss the question of slavery. These efforts are wrecking brotherly love, and if persisted in it is feared they will separate the Union."

Our correspondent informs us that the reverend lecturer then went on to show the unfitness of the slaves for freedom, and the destruction which would be brought on them by emancipation. In the course of his illustrations he brought in Dr. Fisk's terrific mill-dam and deluged his hearers, if not with a flood of water, yet with a flood of nonsense, which we cannot, from respect to our readers, permit to float into our columns.

———

(*a*) Is it true that New-Orleans contains only *six* churches, the number in Claremont? We knew the moral condition of the South was deplorable, particularly of the large cities, but we did not suppose it was so horrible as *Rev.* Mr. Hurd represents it. Nor do we suppose so now. He has falsified so grossly in his other statements, that we cannot help mistrusting him in this.

(*b*) We fear our reverend friend has himself experienced a "falling off in morals" since he went into this great nursery of atheism and vice, the South West. If the people there are so willing to receive the gospel, why is not he among them preaching it to them, and not be here proclaiming the beauties of slavery? If they are so willing to receive the gospel, how happens it that most of the 'teachers' who go there for the express purpose of instructing them, soon leave discouraged, or else wed some heiress, rich in slaves, and settle down in luxurious indulgence? Why happened it that Rev. Mr. Pratt, who figured so disgracefully at the late General Assembly, and who is a native of Connecticut, and a charity scholar, educated by the self-denying contributions of New-England christians, has given up his pastoral charge, and has now no incumbrance save the plantation discipline of the human herds which he received as a marriage portion? The truth is, and Mr. Hurd cannot disprove it, a minister dares not preach the *whole* gospel at the South. He would be Lynched if he did. The slaveholder will 'welcome a minister heartily' if he will partake of his hospitality without denouncing his sins. He will treat Northern teachers courteously and kindly, because it is a cheap way to gain their favor, and he wishes them to come back, and, like Mr. Hurd, tell a good story to us, credulous Yankees, about the happiness of the slave and the benevolence of the masters. Southern hospitality has a wonderful effect on the eyes and ears of visitors, sealing them up so nicely that as for any observation for themselves they might as well be without them.

(*c*) He talks as though the slaves were mules and horses instead of men. What has food and clothing and 'resting three hours in the middle of the day' to do with slavery? Precisely as much as it has to do with any other sin, and no more. It no more justifies the principle of *property in man*, than it does high-way robbery, or Algerine piracy, or the African slave-trade. With regard to ill usage, however, we have a counterpart to the story of Mr. Hurd, and it comes from no less authority than the Presbyterian Synod of Kentucky. In an Address drawn up by John C. Young, president of Danville College, and issued under their sanction, they use the following language:

"*This system licenses and produces great cruelty.* The law places the whip in the hands of the master, and its use, provided he avoid destroying life, is limited only by his own pleasure. Considering the absolute power with which our people are armed, it must be acknowledged that the treatment of their dependents is, singularly humane. Many circumstances operate here to mitigate the rigors of perpetual servitude; and it is probably the fact, that no body of slaves have been ever better fed, better clothed, and less abused, than the slaves of Kentucky. Still they have no security for their comfort but the humanity and generosity of men, who have been trained to regard them not as brethren, but as mere property. Humanity and generosity, are, at best, poor guarantees for the protection of those who cannot assert their rights, and over whom law throws no protection. Our own condition we would feel to be wretched indeed, if no law secured us from the maltreatment *even of our equals*. But superiority naturally begets contempt; and contempt generates maltreatment, for checking which we can rely not on virtue, but only on law. There are, in our land, hundreds of thousands clothed with arbitrary powers over those, whom they are educated to regard as their property, as the instruments of their will, as creatures beneath their sympathy, devoid of all the feelings which dignify humanity, and but one remove above cattle. Is it not certain that many of these hundreds of thousands will inflict outrages on their despised dependents? There are now, in our whole land, two millions of human beings, exposed, defenceless, to every insult and every injury short of maiming or death, which their fellow-men may choose to inflict. They suffer all that can be inflicted by wanton caprice, by grasping avarice, by brutal lust, by malignant spite, and by insane anger. Their happiness is the sport of every whim, and the prey of every passion, that may occasionally or habitually, infest the master's bosom. If we could calculate the amount of wo endured by ill-treated slaves, it would overwhelm every compassionate heart, it would move even the obdurate heart to sympathy. There is also a vast sum of suffering inflicted upon the slave by humane masters, as a punishment for that idleness and misconduct which slavery naturally produces. The ordinary motives to exertion in men are withdrawn from the slave. Some unnatural stimulus must then be substituted; and the whip presents itself as the readiest and most efficient. But the application of the whip to produce industry, is like the application of the galvanic fluid to produce muscular exertion. The effect is powerful indeed, but momentary; and if often applied, it is exhaustive and destructive to the system. It can never be used as a substitute for the healthful and agreeable nervous stimulus with which nature has supplied us. Equally vain is the attempt to supply by the whip the deficiency of natural motives to exertion—it produces misery and degradation. Yet inadequate as is this substitute, it is the best that can be had—it must be used while the system lasts—the condition of the slave is unnatural, and his treatment must correspond to his condition. We are shocked to hear of epicures, who cause the animals on which they feast to be whipped to death, that their flesh may be more delicate and delicious to the taste. We feel it to be disgusting and intolerable cruelty, thus to inflict pain even upon a beast, merely to satisfy the cravings of luxury; and shall we excuse ourselves, if a desire for ease or wealth leads us to sanction, sustain, and assist in perpetuating a system which, as long as it lasts, must lacerate the bodies and grind down the feelings of millions of rational and immortal beings?"

(*d*) If the *buyer* is despicable what is the character of the *seller?* We have as much respect for the one as the other. Without the latter, the former would not be. We shall not pretend to controvert the reverend gentlemen on the points involved in the above paragraph, save by placing his assertion in contrast with the *seven thousand slaves* sold annually from Virginia alone, and also in contrast with the Address of the Kentucky Synod already quoted. They say:

"Brutal stripes, and all the varied kinds of personal indignities, are not the only species of cruelty which slavery licenses. The law does not recognise the family relations of a slave, and extends to him no protection in the enjoyment of domestic endearments. The members of a slave family may be *forcibly separated*, so that they shall never more meet until the final judgement. And cupidity OFTEN induces the masters to practise what the law allows. *Brothers and sisters, parents and children, husbands and wives are torn asunder and permitted to see each other no more.* These acts are DAILY occurring in the midst of us. The shrieks and the agony OFTEN witnessed on such occasions, proclaim with a trumpet tongue the iniquity and cruelty of our system. The cry of these sufferers goes up to the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. There is not a neighborhood where these heart-rending scenes are not displayed. There is not a village or road that does not behold the sad procession of manacled outcasts, whose chains and mournful countenances tell that they are exiled by force from all that their hearts held dear. Our church, years ago, raised its voice of solemn warning against this flagrant violation of every principle of mercy, justice and humanity. Yet we blush to announce to you and to the world, that this warning has been *often disregarded*, even by those who hold to our communion. Cases have occurred in our own denomination, where professors of the religion of mercy have torn the mother from her children, and sent her into a merciless and returnless exile. Yet acts of discipline have rarely followed such conduct. Far be it from us to ascribe to our people generally a participation in these deeds, or a sympathy with them—they abhor and loathe them. But while the system, of which these cruelties are the legitimate offspring, is tolerated among us, it is exceedingly difficult to inflict punishment upon their perpetrators. If we commence discipline for *any* acts which the laws of slavery sanction, where shall we stop? What principle is there which will justify us in cutting off a twig or branch of this poison tree, that will not, if carried fairly out, force us to proceed, and hew down its trunk, and dig up its roots? These cruelties are only the loathsome ulcers, which show corruption in the blood and rottenness in the bones of this system. They may be bound up and mollified with ointment—they may be hidden from the sight; but they cannot be entirely removed until there is a thorough renovation within. Our churches cannot be entirely pure, even from the grossest pollutions of slavery, *until we are willing to pledge ourselves to the destruction of the whole system.*

The voice of the civilized world has been lifted up in execration of the despot who recently dragged numbers of the unhappy Poles from their country, separating husbands and wives, parents and children. But they are his property, by the same tenure by which we hold our slaves; and has he not a right, he may exclaim, to do as he pleases with his own? Nay the security and peace of his dominions require this cruelty. He is not willing to relinquish *the property which he inherited;* and he may tell us, and tell us truly, that it cannot be retained in safety without the adoption of these horrid measures. Can we condemn his conduct, and yet justify our system of slavery? Or can we condemn both, and yet be guiltless, if we use no efficient exertions to terminate these cruelties among us?"

(*e*) What if they are 'well clothed and well fed, and rest three hours in the middle of the day?' Does any one ask a stronger reason for being an abolitionist than that contained in the above paragraph? If they do, they may read on a little farther, and they will find it.

(*f*) With all their good clothing and good feeding, *this* surely is enough to condemn slavery. More than two millions of human beings in these Christian United States, who "have few if any correct notions of morality!" More than this—"efforts to improve their moral condition have been few." What then must be that condition? Truly may they be considered as the HEATHENS of our country. Truly was it said by one in the midst of them, "the cry of our perishing servants comes up to us from the sultry plains as they bend at their toil—from their humble cottages when they return at evening to rest their weary limbs—from the midst of their ignorance and superstition and lewdness." Truly are we abandoning their souls to the adversary, the roaring lion that walketh about seeking whom he may devour.

(*g*) Was this 'something' done, and were there votes passed in 1819, at the same time that the following law, which is still in effect was enacted by the Virginia Legislature?

"All meetings or assemblages of slaves or free negroes or mulattoes mixing and associating with such slaves at any *meeting house*, or houses, or any other place, &c. in the night, *or at any school or schools for teaching them reading or writing either in the day or night*, under whatsoever pretext, shall be deemed and considered an *unlawful assembly;* and any justice of a county, &c. wherin such assemblage shall be, either from his own knowledge or the information of others, of such unlawful assemblage, &c. may issue his warrant directed to any sworn officer or officers, authorizing him or them to enter the house or houses where such unlawful assemblages, &c. may be, for the purpose of apprehending or dispersing such slaves, and *to inflict corporal punishment on the offender or offenders* at the discretion of any justice of the peace, *not exceeding twenty lashes.*"

(*h*) So the black children are not so very stupid and 'inferior' after all. Will Mr. Hurd tell us whether slavery has any influence in crushing and degrading the mind of its victims so as to render them when *men* 'unfit for freedom?' If the blacks when children are equal to the whites, does it not follow that they would *always* be their equals if the same advantages were allowed them? and is it not a most enormous sin thus to break down their immortal spirits?

(*i*) We know not what kind of reasoning Mr. Hurd employs. We are sure, however, it must be most irrational and inhuman, or else he would not arrive at such results as he has. But *our* reasoning leads us to decide, as he has told us above—that the slaves "have few if any correct notions of morality."

(*k*) Very benevolent men these, to refrain from their labors of love because abolitionists are 'interfering,' and very sage men, too, to give such a ridiculous reason in their justification.

(*l*) They are not afraid to have their slaves know a *part* of the truths of the Bible, but they are afraid to let them know *all* of them, lest the doctrine of allegiance to God instead of man, which might render them 'disobedient and insubordinate' under certain circumstances, should be inculcated.

(*m*) A more correct connection has seldom been made by a slaveholder. Abolitionism *is* connected with religion, and he is aware of it. This accounts for the deplorable "falling off in morals" at the South which our reverend orator laments. No wonder one may "travel ten, twenty or thirty miles without finding a church." Those buildings are beacons of destrution to slavery. They are a continual reproach to the sinner. The slave-holders dare not permit religion to be preached, *in its purity*, within their borders, lest abolition should steal in with it. They fear, like Duff Green, "that morbid sympathy which appeals to the conscience." Religion cannot exist with slavery. They are at open war with each other. One or the other must be banished from the South. The oppressors must take their choice. They may have religion and abolitionism, or slavery and heathenish infidelity.

(*) A very sensible and momentous threat, worthy a pro-slavery advocate like *Rev.* Mr. Hurd. It would be about as rational an attempt as for the Bramins or Chinese to endeavor to establish their absurd customs and idol-worship among Christian nations in return for the Bible, and the efforts which those nations have made to break the bands of ignorance and superstition. We trust the free laborers of the North will not be frightened overmuch, but come up with all their energies to the work of emancipation, and put back, now and forever, the shackles and the whip which the South is holding out over them.

Dolorous.

The editor of the Exeter News Letter is not much given to lamentation. He is by no means a disciple of the lugubrious school of Heraclitus. He utters his puns and pleasantries as naturally and profusely as he blows the smoke from his favorite pipe. He is one of those who, from the spontaneous outbustings of humor,

"Smile at the drawn dagger and defy its point."

Not all the pro-slavery riots, and pro-slavery mobs, and pro-slavery resolutions and Lynchings, which ever disgraced the land of the Pilgrims, or the Pinckneys and Randolphs, could overcome his laughter-loving propensity. Neither the outrages at New-York, nor Concord, nor Utica, nor Boston, brought a cloud upon his brow, or a word of sober deprecation from his pen. But he has now all at once grown serious and solemn. In his last paper he discourseth as sagely and gravely as ever did Socrates to his admiring scholars. He talks eloquently and pathetically about 'the dignity of the Courts,' and 'the majesty of Law,' 'the sword and scale of Justice,' 'Judiciary,' 'Bill of Rights,' 'Constitutions and Statutes,' and all that sort of things. He is suddenly and exceedingly indignant. Only hear him:

"He must be blind, and wilfully so, who does not see, and he must be a traitor in heart, and an enemy to the interests and honor of his country, who does not acknowledge that our rights must be preserved, our laws enforced, the administration of justice sustained, Lynch law exploded, and mobs suppressed."

This all because two colored WOMEN run away with themselves! because, after being detained *four days* in prison and being *legally* discharged, they forgot, in their earnest longings for freedom, the decorum and courtesy which should ever be paid to the Court, and rushed from the room without politely waiting for the kidnapper to steal them anew. Yes, he who could witness with manifest self-complacency, an innocent man dragged like a felon through the streets of a city hallowed by many a memento of our fathers' struggles,—who could add his own sarcastic voice to the bloody cries and uproar which drove GEORGE THOMPSON from our *free* shores,—who could see, without having his fanciful vagaries any more than his conscience disturbed, a minister of the gospel brought before one of the magistrates of his own state, and condemned, in defiance of all law and justice and common sense, *to the House of Correction*, for preaching the doctrines of equal rights,—he who could look upon all this unmoved, save by facetious thoughts, is highly roused that two WOMEN, with rascally black skins, in their anxiety to escape the shackles which were hanging over them, should treat his honor, Judge Shaw, with slight disrespect! He can yield much to the spirit of slavery but nothing to the spirit of liberty.

Now we like to see consistency even in laughing philosophers. We disapprove decidedly of the course which the colored people of Boston took at the trial of these slaves, and we are glad to see the News Letter disapprove of it.—But we do not see the propriety of calling that an 'outrage' which was simply an indecorum, nor of condemning in blacks what we had encouraged by jibes and jokes in whites. We do not see the propriety of exaggeration, nor of distortion. We do not see the propriety of representing the escape of two women after their *legal*, though not formal, discharge by the judge, as the attempt of "an excited populace to overawe our Courts, impede the administration of law, and snatch the sword and the scales from the hand of Justice." Should another mob of 'property and standing' assail the sanctuary of the private mansion, or break up a meeting of abolitionists, or, under sanction of law, sentence a man to the house of correction, or scourge and hang their fellow-citizens without trial;—or should our Legislature, at the ensuing session, make any encroachments on the rights of conscience, the freedom of speech and the Press, we hope the News Letter will lose none of the eloquent indignation which so abruptly burst forth from it on the present occasion.

Another Pro-Slavery Meeting at Cincinnati.

Dog-days have come again, and the spirit of slavery is rife and rabid through the North.—Slaveholders are forsaking their plantations, and rioting, in our cities and at our fashionable summer resorts, on the fruits of oppression and man-robbery. With their purses filled with the price of innocent blood, of bodies and souls bartered away for cankered gold, and their hearts filled with all the fiery passions which slavery begets, they have come among us, and are striving to fasten upon our free minds the shackles which their own menials wear. Encouraged by the subserviency of some of our presses and legislators the last season, they have commenced anew their inroads on Northern liberty. As they travelled in their splendid equipages, on every part of which should be written in letters of fire, 'WRONG AND ROBBERY,' on their way to Saratoga, all whose springs could not wash out their sins, they stirred up the fiends of misrule at Troy, and let them slip on Theodore D. Weld. He, however, escaped their vengeance, and is still abroad preaching the truth in its purity and power. They have since issued an order on the people of Cincinnati, requiring them to destroy, without loss of time, the press of the 'Philanthropist.' Some of them, in the words of Mr. Birney, "show as much alacrity in fulfilling it as they would an order for shipping a steam-engine or a hundred barrels of pork." They have had a meeting, and are preparing to perform what is written in the bond. They appointed a committee of twelve to wait on Mr. Birney, in order to extort from him his inalienable right of free discussson, kindly giving him the commercial privilege—'three days grace.' With all the self importance of our law-abiding friend of the N. H. Patriot, they assure him if he *persists*, in opposition to their wishes and the desires of the Southern task-masters, to publish his paper, 'they cannot hold themselves responsible for the consequences!' The plain English of it is, if he does not surrender at discretion his rights, they will wrest them by open violence from him.

As a fitting 'conclusion of the whole matter' they adopted the following treasonable and rebellious resolution, offered by Willson N. Brown:

"*Resolved*, That we entertain the most profound respect for the memories of the venerated patriots of more than "sixty years since," who in the harbor of Boston, *without* the sanction of law—but in the plenitude of the justness of their cause, took the responsibility of *reshipping* the *tea* cargo—and for which illegal act, they were entitled to, and did receive, the warmest thanks and gratitude of every lover of good order and well-wisher of his country; and that we, in imitation of the noble and fearless example set us by those true-hearted Americans, declare that whenever we shall find an existing evil, wicked and mischievous in its conception, warring against the best interests and happiness of our common country, by its effects aiming at the destruction and disunion of our happy government, and only prompted and sustained by those untiring engines of human ambition, hope of gain and love of notoriety—but shielded from legal abatement, according to the usual practice of our laws, so as to leave us but one channel through which we can rid our fair land from its withering influence, that in seizing that one tangible point our exertions shall be firm, united, and decided."

But in the face of all this Mr. Birney does not shrink. He is as firm and unmoved as the everlasting hills of Truth. He closes an eloquent appeal to the friends of the Constitution and equal rights in the following manly and energetic tone.

"As to ourselves, we have but one course to pursue. We are not more the advocate of freedom for the slave, than we are of liberty for those who are yet free. Whatever others may do, we have but one duty. Believing the government under which we live, to be the best on earth—the only one which is founded in reason—the only one which can secure to us and our offspring, the proper blessings of government—our last cry to its friends will be 'TO THE RESCUE,—TO THE RESCUE.'"

Education of Colored Children.

A writer in the last Portsmouth Journal very properly calls the attention of the public to the education of the colored people. He states that there are more than twenty children of that proscribed class in Portsmouth, who have no opportunity of intellectual or moral culture save the meagre pittance which they receive at the Sabbath School. They are increasing in years and in ignorance, and, very probably also, in vice and misery. He says,—

"The very worst feature of southern slavery is thus visible in a New England community. Would that the eyes of the benevolent could see objects which are palpable to the common sight, and were not so often straining to gaze with telescopic vision upon the most distant borders of the field of charity.

It is a disgrace to our town that no means are taken for the education of these children. It ill becomes us to be deprecating the evils of slavery, when we are suffering that degradation and ignorance among ourselves, which constitutes most of the misery of Slavery. Twenty children with no means for education; in a town of New England, and one which boasts the benevolent, religious and literary institutions which we do! We cannot be too eager to wipe away the disgrace.

It may be said that our common schools are open to colored children as well as to others. But in fact this is not so. The law may give them privileges, but the prejudice which exist against the people of color, virtually and effectually shuts these children out of our public schools. No black child can associate upon equal terms with other children. The ridicule and contemptuous treatment which he will receive, must drive him from the school,—and if he does attend the school with other children, the sense of degradation which he will have, will neutralize all the effect of the instruction.

We attended a few years since an exhibition of a country school on the Connecticut river. It was a grand occasion. A stage was erected in the meeting-house. The people flocked for miles around and filled the house to overflowing. The exhibition went off with great eclat. Boys and girls, young men and women, indeed all the youthful pride of the district bore a part in the oratorical and theatrical exhibitions of the occasion. But the star of the evening, which completely threw all others into the shade, was a little negro boy of about twelve years old. He came forward upon the stage with a confidence which showed that his spirit had never been broken by ridicule, and declaimed a portion of one of Wilberforce's most eloquent speeches against the African slave trade. His voice and manner did ample justice to his subject; and he spoke with so much spirit and feeling, and the circumstances of his own color seemed to give such appropriateness to the eloquent appeal for his race, that he chained his audience to a perfectly breathless attention, and when he left the stage, he was cheered with such spontaneous and heartfelt acclamations, as would have elated Garrick after one of his greatest efforts.

We could never witness such a scene in one of our own schools; and we have mentioned this incident, which may perhaps seem somewhat irrelevant, simply to say that if the spirit which brought this boy forward and fitted him to act the part he did, prevailed in our own schools, then we might not complain that these children have no privileges of education among us. But we all know that a spirit utterly different prevails in our schools; and that it is morally impossible that colored children should be educated in them and enjoy equal priviliges with other children. Now if it is a fact that colored children have none of the advantages of our common schools; is it not our duty to devise some means for their education.

The education which we have mentioned shows what these children can do when under good influences, and facts without number show that the colored race has equal intellectual and moral capabilities with the white.

Let our town then provide some suitable school under competent instruction for the sole education of colored children. If the town will not act upon the subject, let benevolent individuals do it: they cannot give of their substance to a more worthy charity." J.

We trust these remarks will waken the friends of the colored people to more decided and systematic measures for their education. We owe it to them and to the slaves, that we see to it that they are no longer shut out, as they have been, from those religious and literary privileges which we enjoy. It is a stigma on New-England, on the character of the descendants of the Puritans, that one class of our population are suffered, nay, *compelled*, to grow up to manhood in ignorance and mental degradation. Let every abolitionist make it his first and most prominent duty in this cause, to educate and enlighten, intellectually and morally, his colored brethren who are around him. Let him encourage them in learning trades, and in attending schools whenever they are open to their admission—Let him make personal and persevering exertions, and the result will be a blessed one.

The Constitution Triumphant.

We hasten to inform our slaveholding friends of the South, and the 'dough-faces' at home, that the Constitution and the Union have both been snatched from the most imminent peril, by no less a personage than the Hon. Samuel Cushman, member of Congress from N. H. At the late exhibition at Hampton Academy, a young lady not having the fear of Gov. Hill before her eyes read a composition on the subject of slavery.—The dignitaries in attendance frowned and looked unutterable things, but the girl went on, stirring up the 'delicate question' as she would hasty-pudding. As soon as she had concluded Hon. Samuel Cushman rose, and with all the gravity becoming a member of Congress and a friend of the Constitution and the Union, commenced a reply. He felt constrained to rise in defence of the institutions of the country. He spoke in behalf of the Union. He grew eloquent. He felt his responsibility. The fate of the Union depended upon his efforts. The eyes of a whole boarding school were upon him. For a full report of his speech, and of its triumphant effect we refer our readers to the N. H. Patriot, where if it does not appear at full length, we shall be greatly disappointed. Let us then hear no more about abolitionism. Samuel Cushman has silenced its boarding-school advocate. He has done enough for glory.—*Essex Gazette.*

Our honorable representative, in thus gallantly coming up to the rescue of the Constitution from the Vandal hands of a boarding-school, must have made as splendid an onslaught as he did, some twelve months since, in our goodly town, when he made the Unitarian Church groan, 'through stone and timber,' with his agonizing eloquence. He ought to have been preceeded by the Observer's 'class-mate and room-mate' the 'frank and bland' R. R. Gurley, and supported on the right and left by those staid patriots, Ex Governor Morril and Ex Deputy Secretary Robinson. They would have formed a mighty quaternion of pillars to uphold the Constitution and Union.

JUDGE LAWLESS. Judges must be careful what opinions they promulgate. They may involve themselves in trouble. It will be seen by an article on our last page that the good people of Paris, Ky., under the sanction of Judge Lawless' decision that the "many" are not amenable to the law for any "outbreakings of popular sympathy," have undertaken to teach justice to their own judges. Let the sage expounder of law in Missouri beware. It will be a sad day for him when he falls into the hands of the "many."

Anti-Slavery Addresses.

Rev. GEORGE STORRS writes us from Newtown as follows:

"I lectured on slavery in this place yesterday, (August 7,) at 5 o'clock, to a great number of inquiring and attentive hearers. The meeting house was crowded to excess, and many stood outside, or sat' in carriages within hearing.—Many came from afar. There were not less than *six* ministers of the gospel, of different denominations present, besides myself. There is, most manifestly, a great interest felt, on the subject of slavery, in this community. I am persuaded the interest is increasing, generally, in New-Hampshire. Our honest *farmers* and *mechanics* cannot, for their lives, spell out *republicanism* and *liberty of conscience*, in the horrid, God-dishonoring, heaven-defying, man-degrading, soul-destroying, and hell-deserving *system of American slavery.*"

On the evening of the 2d inst. Rev David Root of Dover, N. H. delivered an address in the Congregational Meeting house, at the West Parish of Bradford. The house was filled with an attentive audience. On the next morning an address, in this village, was delivered at the Baptist Meeting house, by him, which was opened for the occasion by the committee in charge of it; greatly to their credit, and, as we believe to the satisfaction of a large majority of our fellow citizens. The address was one of the very ablest we have ever heard on the subject; bold, manly, and full of zeal for Truth and Liberty. We are happy to be able to say that it will be published ere long in a pamphlet form by the Haverhill Anti-Slavery Society.

For straight-forward practical and sound argument—for the eloquence of Truth, gushing warmly from the heart of the speaker and thrilling upon those of his audience, DAVID ROOT has few equals. He leaves the flowers and poetry of oratory for hands more effeminate than his;—grapples with the great question before him, lifts it up by main strength and holds it fully to view.—The cast of his mind corresponds well with his person—noble, manly, and commanding. Such a man cannot be gagged. All the energies of his noble nature rise in their strength against every attempt to fetter his sympathies, to control his conscience, or to turn him from the path of his well-considered duty.—*Haverhill (Mass.) Gazette.*

MR. STORRS AT EXETER.

EXETER, Wednesday eve,
10 o'clock, Aug. 10, 1836.

MR. KIMBALL:—By request of some friends in this place, I gave permission for an appointment to be given out, last Sabbath, for me to lecture on slavery this evening. The notice was published at all the houses of public worship except Mr. Hurd's.

Soon after the appointment was made, there was an excitement by the *rum* and *brandy* party in consequence of a movement by the friends of temperance to prosecute rum dealers. This excitement, united with the fact that there was to be a lecture on slavery, made the rum and slavery party "breathe out threatenings." In the course of to-day, groups were seen in different places consulting together how to defend their "glorious liberty" to drink and sell rum, and mob down abolitionism. Temperance men were threatened with tar and feathers, as well as the abolition lecturer.

The hour of meeting arrived and though great pains had been taken to prevent an attendance, yet we had a good congregation, in the Methodist meeting house. We commenced by singing; after which, prayer was offered by brother Stearns. At the commencement of the prayer, the mob begun their operations by the cry of *fire* in the street. Shortly after, a missile was sent against the meeting house, and the rattling of the fire engine was heard in the street. After prayer, and singing again, I commenced my lecture by stating the right we had to discuss the subject that had called us together this evening. First, that we had this right by the command of God, "Cry aloud—and show the people their sins," &c. Second, we had the right by the Constitution of our country which secured the *liberty of speech*. I had proceeded in my lecture but a very few moments, when half a brick was hurled at me, passing through a substantial window blind, breaking the glass and falling harmless in the *pulpit*;—this was immediately followed by a stream of water from the engine; most of which spent its force against the shattered blind and window glass. I stepped down out of the pulpit into the altar, and there continued my remarks, most of the congregation remaining remarkably quiet, considering the circumstances. The mob having reloaded their engine, renewed their attack upon the window nearest the pulpit on the west side of the house; in this instance they were unsuccessful, I believe, and all their water fell on the outside of the house. I proceeded with my lecture while they loaded again;—they then poured forth their *troubler*, cold water, upon a third window. I am not certain whether that window was broken or not. These valiant defenders of rum and the constitution were not to be discouraged in their attempts to throw away that troubler of their peace, *water*; but they shortly returned with their engine, and commenced an attack upon a fourth window on the east side of the house nearest the altar. They first threw a missile through the blind and window, and then discharged the cold water as though they hated the very sight of it, as it said people do, who are affected with hydrophobia.

Now was not this a very civil mob? They turned the devil's fire-water, rum and brandy, down their own throats, and served us with the liquid which the good Being has provided for such as choose reason rather than madness.

I had now proceeded about half an hour in my lecture—at this point, I was of opinion that we had better close our meeting for to night, and dismissed the congregation accordingly. This was done while the mob were gone to reload their engine, so that the congregation passed out of the house, unmolested, before the mobocrats returned. When they came back to the house, they tore off one of the blinds, and prepared to pour forth their fury, when, lo, they discovered they had nought before them but an empty house. They now set up the yell which told, most truly, who their instigator was, viz: the prince of darkness. These violators of the public peace then repaired to the rum depositories to complete filling their own engines with the liquid fire.

The mobocrats were sorely annoyed in their operations by the presence of one of the members of the Methodist church. This good brother, instead of coming into the meeting, remained out of doors to look to the mob. When the man hurled the brick-bat through the pulpit window, this brother seized him and held him fast, though threatened with death on the spot by others of the mob. He told them to kill him if they chose, but he had property in that house, and he should not look on and see them destroy it without at least attempting to arrest their work of destruction. When the mob raised the hose, to aim at the window, this brother sprang upon the end of it, a brass pipe four or five feet long, but was raised with it by the violence of the mob; when the discharge was made, the brother put his hand over the mozzle which turned back a large quantity of the water upon the mob, to their no little annoyance and vexation.

A man here, a professor of religion, by the name of THING, and a poor *thing* he must be, was heard to say yesterday he would head or join a mob, and tar and feather the abolitionists. A lady who heard him, remarked, "Why, Mr. Thing, *I thought you was a Christian.*" He dropped his head and appeared ashamed,—and well he might.

A certain has-been *Deacon* here has a son or sons at the South, that holds slaves; the deacon, of course, is valiant *for* slavery. How many more deacons, elders and ministers at the North, where "we are all opposed to slavery," have sons engaged in using their neighbors' services without wages, and giving them nought for their work? Let them remember that God has said, "*Woe*" to those that do such things.

In haste, Yours for the oppressed,
GEO. STORRS.

☞OUTRAGE AT CINCINNATI.☜

A Pro-Slavery mob assembled on the evening of the 30th of July at Cincinnati, and after committing depredations on the building, and burning Mr. Birney's Books and Papers, carried the Printing Press and Types in tumultuous procession through the streets and threw them into the river!

CHAPTER OF NEWS.

Another mob at St. Louis. The Missouri Republican of the 23d ult. states, that the good order of that city was disturbed on the night of the 21st by the riotous proceedings of a few disorderly men, who about 12 o'clock, "proceeded to the office of the St. Louis Observer, broke open the doors, upset the press, and cast the types into the street." The cause of offence which led to this outrage against the press and types of the Observer, appears to have been given in an article published in that paper—a review of Judge Lawless' charge to the grand jury of the county, shortly after the previous riot and burning in that city. This charge, we recollect, alluded to the Observer newspaper by name, and attributed its course upon certain exciting questions, as one of the causes leading to the tumults and outbreakings then under notice. It was natural that the editor should reply to such an accusation, and in doing so, it is probable he did it with a warmth that brought him under the displeasures of a lawless mob.

Another attempt was made, on the evening of the 25th of June to assassinate the king of France. He was riding in his carriage, when a young man by the name of Alibeau, who had placed himself opposite the National Guard, lifting up a cane, in which a pistol barrel had been fixed, placed it on the carriage and fired it at the King. Some one pushed his arm at the moment of firing, and his aim missed. He was immediately arrested. Since his imprisonment, he has manifested excitement amounting to frenzy, and from his appearance and language it would seem that the deed was one of desperate fanaticism.

Anti-Slavery Almanac for 1837.

JUST received, at the Depository connected with this office, the *Anti-Slavery Almanac for* 1837, full of interesting and important matter. Price, $1,00 per hundred, 60 cents per dozen, 6 cents single.

August 12.

NOTICE.

THE subscribers having formed themselves in company connection in the

Wheelwright Business,

will carry it on in all its various branches. All work made of GOOD MATERIALS and *WARRANTED*, and done at *short notice*.

☞All orders punctually attended to, and all favors gratefully acknowledged.

JOHN TITCOMB,
WM. G. THOMPSON.

August 10, 1836 tf—24

STATE OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE, }
STRAFFORD, SS. }

To the heirs at law of the estate of ALVAH CLARK late of Tamworth in said County, deceased, and all interested therein,

GREETING.

YOU are hereby notified that CYRUS BRADBURY intends exhibiting his account of Administering said Estate, at a COURT OF PROBATE to be holden at Sandwich in said County, on the fourteenth day of September next

Dated at Sanbornton in said County, this 23d day of July, A. D. 1836.

DANIEL C. ATKINSON, Judge of Probate

POETRY.

The African Mother at her Daughter's Grave.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Some of the Pagan Africans visit the burial places of their departed relatives, bearing food and drink;—and mothers have been known, for a long course of years, to bring, in an agony of grief, their annual oblation to the tombs of their children.

DAUGHTER!—I bring thee food,
The rice-cake pure and white,
The cocoa, with its milky blood,
Dates and pomegranates bright.
The orange in its gold,
Fresh from thy favorite tree,
Nuts in their ripe and husky fold,
Dearest! I spread for thee.

Year after year I tread
Thus to thy low retreat,
But now the snow-hairs mark my head
And age enchains my feet;
Oh! many a change of woe
Hath dimmed thy spot of birth
Since first my gushing tears did flow
O'er this thy bed of earth.

There came a midnight cry,
Flames from our hamlet rose,
A race of pale-browed men were nigh,
They were our country's foes.
Thy wounded sire was borne
By tyrant force away,
Thy brothers from our cabin torn
While in my blood I lay.

I watched for their return
Upon the rocky shore
Till night's red planets ceased to burn,
And the long rains were o'er;
Till seeds their hand had sown
A ripened fruitage bore,
The billows echoed to my moan,
Yet they returned no more.

But thou art slumbering deep,
And to my wildest cry,
When pierced with agony I weep,
Dost render no reply.
Daughter! my youthful pride,
The idol of my eye,
Why didst thou leave thy mother's side
Beneath these sands to lie?"

Long o'er the hopeless grave
Where her lost darling slept,
Invoking gods that could not save
That Pagan mourner wept:
Oh! for some voice of power
To soothe her bursting sighs,
"There is a resurrection hour!
Thy daughter's dust shall rise!"

Christians!—Ye hear the cry
From heathen Afric's strand,
Haste! lift salvation's banner high
O'er that benighted land;
With faith that claims the skies
Her misery control
And plant the hope that never dies,
Deep in her tear-wet soul.

MISCELLANY.

A Remarkable Genius.

"Nearly at the same time with the Illustrations of the Life of Lorenzo de' Medici, the little memoir of the extraordinary person already referred to appeared, under the title of a 'Memoir of Richard Roberts Jones, of Aberdaron, in the county of Carnarvon, in North Wales, exhibiting a remakable instance of a partial power and cultivaton of intellect.' This most singular person, who is still living, and who continues to display a love of learning and an extent of erudition seldom exhibited within the walls of schools or universities, united with a want of common sense amounting almost to idiocy, and a squalor and wretchedness of appearance of which a common mendicant would be ashamed, was first introduced to the notice of Mr. Roscoe in the early part of the year 1806. The impression which his extraordinary appearance and acquirements made upon Mr. Roscoe at this time, is described in the following letter to Dr. Parr, who had unfortunately left Allerton just before the appearance there of the Welsh scholar:—

"'Your letter found me in conversation with one of the most extraordinary beings that ever occurred to my notice—a poor Welsh fisher-lad, as ragged as a colt, and as uncouth as any being that has a semblance of humanity. But beneath such an exterior is a mind cultivated not only beyond all reasonable expectation, but beyond all probable conception. In his fishing boat on the coast of Wales, at an age little more than twenty, he has acquired the Greek, the Hebrew, and the Latin languages, has read the Iliad, Hesiod, Theocritus, &c., studied the refinements of Greek pronunciation, and examined the connexion of that language with the Hebrew. He reads Latin with the utmost facility, and translates it either into Welsh or English. I asked him whether he knew Italian? Yes, he could read it. I spoke to him in French,—he answered me, and we carried on our conversation in that language.

"'He is well disposed, modest, truly pious, and intelligent, but in his exterior motions is certainly like no other creature on earth. He has just entered the room with a wallet of books in all languages, and on my speaking to him, he saluted me with a sort of curtsey, instead of a bow. Yet, the expression of his features speaks his mind; and if shaved and docked, he might not perhaps appear so frightful as at present. He has now left his country, where he says he is persecuted, and thrown himself upon our benevolence, of which he thinks he had some proof, on one of his visits here with fish. What I shall do with him, I know not but I have promised him help & protection, which he shall have; and if I find I can assist in rendering the very extraordinary talents with which God has been pleased to endow this humble child of indigence useful to himself or others, I shall have no small pleasure in doing it. If, on further experience, I find him as deserving as he seems to be at present, I shall most probably take advantage of your friendship, and intrude upon you for your advice respecting him. At present, I assure you, I think it one of the most extraordinary circumstances that ever fell in my way; but as first impressions are often incorrect, and I have yet seen but little of him, I will trouble you no longer respecting him at present, than to request your kind permission to mention him to you again should I find him entitled to your advice and favor.'

"This extraordinary being was immediately taken by Mr. Roscoe under his protection. His rags were replaced by decent clothing, and a comfortable bed was prepared for him at night. So little, however, was he accustomed to the usages of civilized life, that, instead of getting into the bed, he crept under it. Such, also, was his attachment to the squalid habits in which he had lived, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could be persuaded to submit to those ablutions which were absolutely necessary to render a near conversation with him agreeable, or, indeed, safe. One of Mr. Roscoe's first objects was to provide him with some employment to which he had been accustomed, and upon inquiry, it appeared that he had been brought up to the occupation of a *sawyer*.—The sequel is thus told in the memoir.

"'A recommendation was given him to a person who employed many hands in sawing, and Richard was put down in the sawpit. He accordingly commenced his labors, and proceeded for some time with a fair prospect of success. It was not long, however, before his efforts relaxed, and grew fainter and fainter, till at length he fell on his face, and lay extended at the bottom of the pit, calling out loudly for help. On raising him up, and inquiring into the cause of his disaster, it appeared that he had labored to the full extent of his arms' length, when, not being aware that it was necessary he should also move forwards his feet, and being quite breathless and exhausted, he was found in the situation described. As soon as he had recovered himself, he returned to the person who sent him, and complained loudly of the treatment he had received, and of his being put under ground. On being asked, why he had represented himself as *a sawyer*, he replied that he had never been employed in any other branch of sawing than *cross-cutting* the branches of timber trees when fallen in the woods in Wales.'

"Other attempts were made to discover a suitable employment for Richard, but in vain. He was placed in the office of a printer in Liverpool, where it was supposed his complete knowledge of the dead languages might render his services useful; but his inaptitude for business, and his inattention to the common decencies of personal cleanliness, soon terminated the engagement. At Allerton, many persons of distinguished learning had an opportunity of witnessing the extraordinary attainments of Richard Roberts, who never failed to leave a deep impression of the singular powers of his intellect upon their minds. It was during the visit of Mr. Coke and Dr. Parr at Allerton, in the year 1815, that the following incident, related in the memoir, occurred:—

"'One of his friends happened to have a party to dinner, several of whom were persons of considerable literary distinction; when, by the misunderstanding of a message* after dinner, the door opened; and, to the equal surprise of both the host and his guests, Richard entered the room, his whole dress and appearance being grotesque in the highest degree. The curiosity of the company was excited; and, after the mistake to which his introduction was owing had been explained, he was asked several questions in French, to which he gave ready and correct answers. The conversation was then changed to Italian, in which he acquitted himself with equal readiness. To this succeeded an inquiry into his knowledge of Latin and Greek, in which languages he read and translated some passages to the satisfaction of the persons present. One of the party then proceeded to examine him more particularly, when the following dialogue occurred:—

"'Q. As you seem to have made no little proficiency in languages pray tell me what means you take in acquiring a language?

"'A. It is according to what the nature of the language is.

"'Q. How would you set about acquiring a modern language?

"'A. If it was Spanish, for instance, I would take a vocabulary of the language, and examine what words corresponded with, or resembled the words in any other language with which I was acquainted; as, for instance, the Latin, French, or Italian; and those words I would strike out of the vocabulary, learning only such as were the original or peculiar words of the Spanish tongue; and then by the assistance of a grammar, I should soon be able to attain a knowledge of that language.

"'All the party admitted, that this was a most judicious and excellent method; and Richard withdrew, with expressions of approbation from all present.'

"It was on a previous day, during the same visit, that Richard had an interview with Dr. Parr, who immediately plunged into the darkest recesses of ancient learning. The refinements of the Greek language, and the works of the critics who had illustrated it were entered into, and gradually the conversation changed to the Hebrew, its peculiar construction and its analogous tongues.—Here Richard had evidently the advantage; and after an attempted inroad into the Chaldee, the Doctor rather precipitately retreated, leaving a token of his liberality in the hands of the poor scholar. Richard being afterwards asked what he thought of the learned person with whom he had been conversing, replied, 'He is less ignorant than most men.'

"Many are the singular and amusing anecdotes recorded of Richard in this Memoir, which concludes with a short comparison between the subject of it and the famous Moses Mendelsohn and the learned Magliabecchi. The portrait of Richard, prefixed to it, is from a drawing by Williamson, formerly a portrait painter at Liverpool, of considerable ability.

"The profits of the Memoir were employed in supporting the subject of it; and this little fund was increased by the contributions of some benevolent persons to whom the publication was the means of making him known. The money thus raised, however, has since been exhausted; and Richard, who is still residing in Liverpool, pursuing his learned occupations with unceasing zeal, is supported, in scanty comfort, by some of his charitable friends.—*Life of William Roscoe.*

* The mistake which Mr. Roscoe alludes to was this. Having been conversing with the friends around him on the subject of the instinct of animals, he mentioned to them the singular habits of a Brazilian weasel (the *Coati Mondi.*) which had been presented to him. One of his sons, sitting at the other end of the table, was desired "to bring in *the beast;*" but, unluckily, not having heard the previous conversation, he conducted Richard Roberts into the dining-room.

The Sleep of Plants.

Translated from the Magasin Universal.

The greater part of those plants which have winged leaves—that is to say, where many small leaves are attached to the same centre—undergo in the night a change of position, which renders it probable that they take advantage of those hours of silence and obscurity, to enjoy a sort of slumber. This phenomenon was first remarked by Prosper Alpin; and among the vegetables on which he saw it operate most strongly, he mentions the acacia, and the tamarind. But since vegetable physiology has become a favorite study of botanists, it has been discovered that all plants have their hours of repose. We will cite some of the most curious proofs of this fact.

Bean leaves, for instance, raise themselves every evening, describing a circle of ninety degrees, and press their upper surfaces one against the other. Cassia leaves, on the contrary, lower themselves immediately after twilight, describing a quarter of a circle, or unite themselves back to back. But these nocturnal movements are still more perceptible in the sensitive plant on which Mairan and Duhamel have made many very interesting experiments. The first has remarked that though this plant be set in a dark place, where there is uniform temperature through the day and night, it never fails to shut up its leaves at dusk and open them in the morning the same as if it were exposed to the light. Duhamel was desirous of repeating this experiment. One morning in the month of August, he carried a sensitive plant to a cellar, which had no opening to the external air and which was situated beneath another cellar. The shaking which the plant underwent, in being carried thither, caused it to close its leaves, nor did it re-open them till ten o'clock the next morning; and then not quite so widely as it would have done in the open air. They remained in this half-opened state, for several days. He then carried the plant from the cellar into the open air at ten o'clock in the evening, taking care not to shake it. It appears that the sort of half-slumber, in which it had continued for so long a time, had more than satisfied the demands of nature; for it kept its leaves open all that night and the following day, and did not fall asleep again till its usual bedtime. This experiment proves that the sleep of plants is not the effect either of light or heat, as some authors have supposed; and it is rendered more certain by the fact, that, in hothouses, the sensitive plant goes to sleep at about seven o'clock throughout the year although in Summer, at that hour, it is broad day-light. Nor is the case altered, even when the warmth of the hot-house is kept up or increased, by means of stones.

The Botanist Liane having received the seeds of a species of lotus called bird's foot he carefully cultivated the plants which they produced, and in obtaining flowers from them. One evening, visiting his garden with a lantern, he stopped to look at the lotus, and was much surprised to find none of the flowers, which, that very morning had so obundantly rewarded his pains. He accused the gardeners of negligence, suspected them of having stolen the flowers, and went to bed in great displeasure. The next morning, he would not at first go near the lotus, being loth to renew his sense of the misfortune which had so much afflicted him all night. At length it was absolutely necessary that he should pass by it. What was his astonishment! There was the lotus in full bloom, dressed out with all the flowers that it had borne the day before, and had strangely lost at night. The Botanist counted them, and found that not a single one was missing He returned again in the evening, and ascertained that the flowers were still there, but that the leaves were placed in such a peculiar manner as to conceal them: and this singular faculty of the leaves could not be discovered in the daytime. 'My lotus is asleep!' cried the botanist; and this exclamation gave its name to the phenomenon since called the Sleep of Plants.

Randolph and the Slave Trader.

Randolph, eccentric and passionate abroad, was uniformly kind and generous at home. His slaves loved him with the strongest affection. The return of 'Massa Randolph' from Congress was always greeted with the utmost demonstrations of joy. A slave-trader once called on Randolph, and not making known his purpose, he was invited to dine with him. At dinner the trader glancing round upon the servant in attendance enquired his price of Randolph, informing him at the same time that he was engaged in the slave-trade. It happened that the slave in question was one of Randolph's favorite servants. The enraged Virginian sprung from his table, and shook his skeleton finger furiously at the 'soul-driver.' 'Leave my house sir!—leave it instantly sir! Am I to be insulted at my own table?' The wretched slave-trader saw that he had no time to lose. He fled from the house and mounted his horse. Randolph called hastily for one of his own horses, and seizing his pistols set off in full chase after him. The dealer in human flesh looked back and saw the skeleton figure of Roanoke, like Death on the pale horse, close behind him. 'Off my grounds, you rascal!' screamed Randolph in his shrillest tones, levelling his pistol full at the head of his affrighted guest. The fellow plunged his spurs into his horse, and rode for his life over fence and bush, hill and hollow, until he had left behind him the territory of the Lord of Roanoke.—*Haverhill Gazette.*

A TOTAL ABSTINENCE MAN.—Lewis Cass, a man respected by all parties for his talents and worth, who has held many responsible situations in public life, and has now received the appointment of Minister to France, furnishes the following testimony in relation to the use of ardent spirits:—

"I have never tasted any ardent spirits, nor have I, at any time, during life, been in the habit of drinking wine. It is of course almost useless to add, that I know nothing of the stimulating liquors upon the constitution, except by observing them in others.—I have, perhaps, during a portion of my life, been as much exposed as most men. Having lived, since boyhood, in a new country; having served in the army during war, and having been by official duties to traverse almost all the western region north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi; it is impossible to say what effects would have resulted from the use of stimulating liquors, at periods of great exposure and fatigue. I can only say, that I have done well enough without them."

LYNCHING A JUDGE.—The Citizen, published at Paris, Kentucky, states that Judge Brown had been "lynched" at Carlisle, in Nicholas County. The circuit court, Judge Brown presiding, had been engaged in the trial of William Boyd, charged with the murder of William Smith, the jury found him guilty of manslaughter, and awarded as punishment, confinement in the penitentiary three years and two months. A motion was made by the prisoner's counsel for a new trial, which was granted, and the prisoner admitted to bail. The mob became incensed at this proceeding, and having stationed a fire engine near the Court-House door, filled with muddy water, gave the Judge a "*ducking*," as the Citizen terms it, when he passed out of the house, after the adjournment of the Court. The next morning the Judge was hung and burnt in effigy.

Human Life Estimated by Pulsation.—An ingenious author asserts that the length of a man's life may be estimated by the pulsations he has strength enough to perform.—Thus allowing 70 years for the common age of man, and 60 pulses in a minute for the common measure of pulses, in a temperate person, the number of pulsations in his whole life will amount to 2,207,520,000; but if by intemperance he forces his blood into a more rapid motion, so as to give 75 pulses in a minute, the same number of pulses would be completed in 56 years; consequently the life would be reduced 14 years.—*Oracle of Health.*

GEORGE PORTER,
Dealer in
CROCKERY,
CHINA, GLASS, HARD AND HOLLOW WARE,
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June 18, 1836.

Concord Stereotype Foundry
Low's Building, opposite the Post-Office.

ALL kinds of Stereotyping will be done in the best manner and on reasonable terms. Arrangements have been made so that plates for *Sheet* and other *Music*, can be furnished at short notice. Old plates will be repaired; Cuts, Stamps, and Labels cast; Quadrats, and Spaces cut short; Leads, Rules, &c. cut to order.
Orders sent by mail or otherwise will meet with prompt attention.
JACOB PERKINS, Agent.
Concord, June 5, 1836.

Merrimack House.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public, that he has taken the MERRIMACK HOUSE, North End Main-street, Concord, N. H. where, he will be happy to wait on all those who will favor him with a call. He has put the house in a thorough state of repair and furnished it with entire new furniture and is determined to devote his whole attention to the accommodation of his guests;—he flatters himself that he shall receive a share of public patronage.
TRUE OSGOOD.
Concord, June 18, 1836. is—

Brackett's Patent Universal Panacea.

FOR the cure of ring-worms, cancers, scald head, salt rheum, pimples, humors, or any eruptions of the skin.
This Panacea may be safely used by any person whatever without any fear of striking the humors to the stomach, and can be relied on as a safe and sure remedy for all diseases of the skin.
This certifies that I have been afflicted with a humor on my face and head for five years; which has been called by some a Ringworm, Leprosy &c; and after trying numerous prescriptions, all to no effect, I made use of one bottle of Brackett's Universal Panacea, and found I had obtained an effectual remedy. N. WHEET.
Concord, Jan. 6.
This may certify that having been afflicted for eight months or more with what is called Ringworm, and after having made use of many remedies in vain, I applied to Mr. Brackett, and after using his Universal Panacea for a short time I received an entire cure.
CHARLES MOODY.
Numerous testimonials might be published of the efficacy of this Panacea, but we subjoin only the names of a few who have used the article in this town.
Dr. NATH'L WHEET.
WM. RICHARDSON,
MICHAEL BLAKE,
HORATIO HILL,
GILMAN PALMER,
CHARLES MOODY.
The above valuable article may be had of the Manufacturer, GEO. BRACKETT, perfumer, or of J. C. EMERSON & CO. Druggist, at the sign of the Big Mortar, Concord, N. H.
PRICE—75 cents per bottle.
Concord, Jan. 7 1836.

Johnson's Vegetable HAIR OIL.

A BEAUTIFUL head of hair has always been considered one of the greatest ornaments ever bestowed by nature upon the human frame, and indispensably necessary to the perfection of personal beauty. It is a common complaint among young persons that their hair is falling off, or becoming dry and unhealthy, this may arise owing to the application of improper and injurious oils, or to the entire neglect of the hair. Without proper attention, diseases of the hair will arise, which are often found to occasion thinness, falling off, and sometimes total baldness. For these evils, and the inconveniences necessarily attending them, Johnson's Vegetable Hair Oil will be found an almost infallible remedy. This Oil was tried in many cases of baldness, thinness and falling off of the hair before it was offered to the public, and in every instance its beneficial effects have been realized to admiration. It has in many cases been known to produce a new and beautiful growth of hair on heads which were bald; and it will always check that falling off which so frequently occurs. In cases where it becomes dry and ceases to grow, this oil will very soon render it healthy and produce a rapid and beautiful growth without the least injury to the head, nor does any falling off follow after using it. That loss of hair which so frequently takes place after sickness may be easily prevented by using this Oil. In short no Oil has ever been offered to the public that gives such universal satisfaction, and stands the test of experience like Johnson's *Vegetable Hair Oil.*
For sale by EDWARD BRACKETT.
Concord, June 3, 1836. 3m—13

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☞ The above are for sale at the Anti-Slavery Office, Low's Building, (third story) opposite the Post Office.

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☞ All Letters and Communications, POSTAGE PAID, to be directed to JOSEPH HORACE KIMBALL, Editor, Concord, N. H.